

## Lady Opal's Light

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Welcome to the Opal! That's Opal City to you out-of-towners. My name's Jack Knight, but you probably know me better by my other name; Starman.

Actually, if you want to get technical about it, it's Starman the Seventh. Yeah, there were six other guys who had the name before me. The first was my dad, Ted Knight. Back in the day, he and his pals in the Justice Society used to go toe-to-toe with whatever nastiness the 30's and 40's could toss at them. Be it Nazis, monsters, super-criminals or what have you.

After that things get complicated. Let's just say there was a time when dad wasn't Starman and others took over the name. They took over the name and fought evil here in Opal, across the world, and even in space.

Anyway, one day my dad became Starman again. He returned to the red and green costume and Opal City had its hero again. If you're wondering how a guy who fought crime back in the 40's could still be young and healthy enough to fight crime in the 90's, you're not alone. You seeâ€¦ Well, let's not get into that. It's a long story that involves magic, angry gods, and plenty of other assorted weirdness.

One day during some mess called "Zero Hour" dad's lifestyle caught up with him. In a matter of seconds he went from being young and strong to being an old man. Not as old as he should have been, but old enough to end his Starman career.

So my brother David took up the mantle. Being Starman had been his dream since we were kids, so it did my heart good to see him achieve his dream.

A week later David was dead. Shot and killed in the line of duty byâ€œWell, that's another long story.

And then it was up to me. I was to be the one to carry on the torch. Or Cosmic Rod in the case of Starman. I was less than enthusiastic. I was happy with my life as Jack Knight, junk dealer supreme!

But that changed the first time I held my Cosmic Rod in my hand. Hey! Hey! Get your mind out of the gutter! Anyway, I'm not sure what it was, but a part of me felt like I'd come home.

Don't get me wrong, one of the things that I made clear to my dad was that my life as Jack Knight comes first. Sure, if some major menace is on the loose Opal City can count on me. In the meantime, if Opal City needs \_Star Wars\_ cards or velvet smoking jackets they can also count on me.

Well, by now you must be bored hearing about me. Let's talk about someone much more interesting, Lady Opal herself.

She's a beauty isn't she? No other city in the world looks like the Opal. It's Art Deco and every other style of design you can think of all rolled into one.

And it's not just the buildings that are like that, it's the city's culture to. Did you know that there are more French-style cafÃ©s here in Opal than in any other city in America? You stroll through the Alleys (it's sort of our version of Greenwich Village) or any other street in the older parts of the city and you'll find one. People sitting under those big umbrellas, sipping something with a lot of caffeine in it and simply chatting. Just like in Paris.

Yeah, it's one unique city we have here. I guess that's why so many artists, writers, and other creative types come here. The city's just so bustling, so eclectic that you can't help but be inspired. Heck, my dad has this great story about how he meet Jack Keroauc back in the 50's. You see, Jack had come to the Opal toâ€œ Well, I think I'd better let my dad tell you that one. He remembers it better than I do.

So, like I was saying, Opal is one great town. But it's got its problems. Super-villains have started to show up here more and more lately and guess who has to deal with them. Not that I don't have some folks who give me a hand, but those are a series of long stories.

Okay, back to super-villains. Ever hear of Captain Cold? Wears a big blue parka, carries a freeze ray, and gets his butt stomped by the Flash on a regular basis. Yeah, that's him.

So he shows up here last week trying to knock over the city's largest jewelry store. So, of course, I grab the ol' Cosmic Rod and head off to nail him. I figure as many times as this guy has gotten his butt kicked by the Flash I shouldn't have that hard a time. Well, I got news for you. I'm not the Flash.

I'd just flown in the door when that mutated Eskimo tried to make a popsickle out of me. Luckily, the Rod can generate major heat if I want it to so I was able to melt Cold's blast. That must have ticked him off, because after I did that he saidâ€œ"

Uh, sorry, yet again. I was steering the conversation back to me again.

All right, back to the city. Believe me, I could go on about the old girl for hours. But you can't learn about this town from just me telling you about it. Go out there. See Lady Opal for yourself. Walk her winding alleys, explore her shops, meet her people, stroll through her parks and, this is a personal favorite of mine, watch her shimmer as the first light of morning dances on her face.

After you've done that I hope you'll have a sense of why I love this city and why I'd never live anywhere else. May Lady Opal touch you with her magic.

So what are you still doing standing around here looking at me? Go on! Scoot! Scat! Get out of here! You have a city to see. Oh, and like I said before, welcome to the Opal.

The End

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